LUCE, *Mrs.* Phebe

Maternal admonition, or the Orphan's manual; by Mrs. Phebe Luce, to her children, supplementary to a work, entitled Vicissitudes of life; or the history of Mrs. Phebe Luce. Cooperstown, N.Y., Printed for the author, by H. & E. Phinney, 1819.

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MATERNAL ADMONITION

OR THE

ORPHAN's MANUAL:

BY MRS. PHEBE LUCE, TO HER CHILDREN.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO A WORK, ENTITLED

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE;

OR THE

HISTORY OF Mrs. PHEBE LUCE.

The learn'd, polite, sedate and wise,
Invited are to patronize
A work of true simplicity;
Promoting truth and harmony.
When volumes new to readers show,
Its contents they desire to know;
But 'ere to read it they engage,
They gaze upon the title page;
Then, careless, read the preface o'er,
To know if worth attention more;
But this requires some further care,
To know if real worth be there.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.:
Printed for the Author, by H. & E. Phinney.
1819.

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PREFACE.

This work, designed to admonish, please, instruct, persuade, and improve the youthful mind; to scatter the film of envy jealousy, bigotry, malice and superstition from the mental eye, and to encourage, by shewing examples, the practice of humanity, charity, sympathy, frugality, temperance, industry, fidelity, meekness, liberality and christianity, is addressed to a Son and Daughter of Mrs. P. Luce, widow of Joel Luce, who was murdered September 1812, in the town of Hubbardton, county of Rutland, (Vermont) in which county her children now reside.

At the death of her husband, which took place ere she had numbered twenty-two years, she was left a mother to three children, the youngest of which was swept off the ensuing winter by a mortal Epidemic, which called, that season, many of the inhabitants in that vicinity into the regions of eternity; with which disease she was likewise brought extremely low, and never afterwards recovered her health, which had been gradually declining from the unhappy death of her husband, who was consigned by the haud of a fellow mortal to an untimely tomb.

Her indisposition compelled her to part with her children and seek an asylum for herself beneath some hospitable roof. Her little son, which was the eldest, was received into the family of Elijah Parker, Esq. of Brandon, as one of their own family, and her daughter, was received in the same manner, into the family of Mr. Elias Ketchum of Sudbury, with whom they still live; and the authoress, finding her constitutional strength gradually declining, agreeably to advice of physicians and friends, ac-

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cepted the invitation of a young brother to take a journey and remain with him a few weeks in Richfield, Otsego county, (N. Y.) in which place he was at that time in business. But instead of being benefitted by the journey, her health failed and she shortly became confined; since which time a succession of mysterious occurrences and mournful vicissitudes, together with severe indisposition, have prevented her from rejoining her children or visiting her friends. Labouring under the embarrassments of the antient writers, who had their words committed to paper by the hand of another, she has in the same manner had much writing executed. And though every sentence is committed exactly in her own words, and every mistake rectified by her directions, yet the privilege of executing her own writing in retirement would afford much greater advantages, therefore she hopes that errours will be pardoned.—She likewise hopes that the liberality of Columbian patronage, will soon enable her to gratify public curiosity, by laying before them her Biography, containing a strict account of her story, from early childhood to the present date; the publication of which is only delayed for the want of means to give it publicity; which work is the one alluded to, entitled "Vicissitudes of Life."

Humane patrons, pardon me,
Although I plead necessity;
And if a penny you bestow,
Bless with it the child of woe.

Springfield, 1819.

MATERNAL ADMONTION,

OR THE

ORPHAN'S MANUAL.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Having recently completed a Biographical sketch of my life from early childhood, nearly to the present date, and knowing not how soon the period of my services may be drawn to a close, and myself called to take my parting leave of all dear to me on the shores of time, I feel desirous to leave for your perusal, an ADMONITORY MANUAL, in which I shall insert some loose papers—copies of letters and anecdotes, not immediately essential to have been combined in my story, though relative to that, which may not fall into your hands until the voice which now communicates it may have resigned its office to the silent mansions of the dead.

There are many things I would wish to say, but am at present under the necessity of limiting my ideas, or rather the communication of them to the opportunity now presented of having them committed to paper; but did I labour under no embarrassments, it would be impossible for me to com-

municate my feelings on this occasion, for the strong desires, anxious cares and tender solicitudes of a Mother, are as indescribable as they are unlimited and immutable. But, as I have neither time nor strength adequate to the discharge of so solemn and important a message, I shall say but little, and the little I do say, I wish you to read with attention.

Notwithstanding your extreme youth at the time you witnessed that melancholy scene, you will doubtless retain a recollection of that awful coincident which deprived you of paternal care, and the unexpected misfortunes, successive ills and loss of health which afterwards compelled me to relinquish my care and controul over you. It is not necessary here to mention, as my other writings (that is my history, if ever laid before the world) will give you the particulars of them, and if not published it will probably fall into your hands. But notwithstanding, that God who first gave you to me, and for awhile permitted me to watch over your infantile years in all the doating expectations of maternal fondness, has since seen fit to locate my residence in a climate distant from the one in which you must be nurtured up under the care and admonition of adopted parents, He will doubtless be to you what he has declared himself to be, a Father to or-

phans, if you trust & serve him with love and obedience, which duty, if you do aright, you cannot fail to do justice to yourselves & others. Next to God, let your adopted parents, who condescended to receive you as one of their own family, and provided what was needful for your comforts while you were yet too young to render them much service, share your gratitude. Consider how many orphans there are who wear out their lives in wretchedness and want, continually frowned upon for trifles and beaten with many stripes without a cause—nay even in a house of plenty, frequently deprived of necessary food and clothing, for a tolerable subsistence. But, thank Heaven, your lots I trust are cast with those of more humanity, and I entreat you to love and serve them with obedience as your natural parents; and if any counsel you against them, know that such counsel is given to your disadvantage, and despise it in your heart: considering at the same time how many favours you have had and are continually receiving at their hands, bestowed with parental kindness, and the evil designs of those who counsel you against them. If you behave towards them as loving and dutiful children, they will doubtless treat you as tender and affectionate parents. Be ever ready to receive their instructions and en-

deavour to profit by their precepts. If they reprove you, consider it is all for your good, and study the best possible means of giving satisfaction at all times. Be careful to ask their counsel, & avoid frequent solicitations for what they think not proper to grant. I next entreat you in the language of tenderness, to love and respect each other as becomes a truly affectionate brother and sister. Visit each other as often as is consistent with the duty you owe to your adopted parents; and correspond by writing when deprived of frequent interviews. Endeavour to receive and give instruction, correcting each other's errours with tenderness, and endeavour by mild persuasions to convince each other of what appears to be erroneous, whenever such principles are discovered to have been imbibed by either. Let your opinions be given with candour and mildness, and consider you promote your own happiness and honour, by promoting that of each other. In short, live together as you will wish you had done when you come to be separated or called to render an account to the bar of God, who requires that you love one another as He that loved you.

Since you are the only branches of the family, that your love for each other be undivided, let your sympathy, charity and

humility be extended to your fellow creatures, and your hopes all center in God, regarding with the most profound respect, every thing of a sacred nature.

I would next call your attention to a subject of real importance to be attended to in early youth; I mean that of improving the mind by the acquisition of useful knowledge; for from want of proper understanding, originates jealousy, malice, contumacy, uncharitableness, self-sufficiency, vulgarity and pernicious principles of almost all discriptions; likewise impetuosity of temper and grotesqueness of manners. Though I would not insinuate that persons of great natural & acquired abilites are always free from inordinate principles and practices, but certain it is, that the vulgar and low bred are, generally speaking, much more censorious than persons of good breeding and discernment. It is not the high bred, but the thorough bred that possess the accomplishments I wish to recommend: and such characters as are possessed of sordid and pusillanimous dispositions, I would wish you to avoid, and consider them not as objects of contempt but of pity, and unprofitable companions for you to associate with. But in giving attention to the conversation of the good and the wise, (which you may do without intruding) you

may often derive much benefit by getting new ideas on various subjects, and having opened more clearly to your understanding some points which have always appeared to you mysterious: and if in their conversation they make use of words which you do not comprehend, retain them in your minds and have recoure to some dictionary for an explanation; for unless you understand the definition of words, you cannot rightly comprehend what is meant to be conveyed by the use of them.

The first step towards improvement is to be sensible we need it, and the second to believe ourselves capable of receiving it; and what is next necessary, is to feel ambitious to require it, which must be done by a close application of the mind to proper means. There is no path of indolence that leads to science. In order to make good proficiency, you must give your whole attention to whatever study you are in pursuit of, and not suffer your minds to be called from it by the perusal of such books as are better calculated to attract than improve the mind. When you read for amusement, let your books be well selected and be careful to understand what you do read: if you read but one page in a day, endeavour to comprehend that, even if you look it over ten times :—

which, if it is worth your attention, you had better do, than merely to run it over and be none the wiser for it—and if it is not worth your attention, you ought not to waste your time with it. Therefore I exhort you to engage in the perusal of nothing but what is worthy your strictest observation, and whatever sentences you cannot comprehend by due consideration, submit them to those capable of explaining them to your understanding. Some books would be preferable for purity of sentiment—some for simplicity of stile—and others, containing less useful instruction, might be admissible for copious, sublime and eloquent language. And for the definition of all such words as you do not understand, proceed as before mentioned; & if you do not find them explained in the first, examine a second and third until you do; by which means you may better comprehend what you read or hear spoken by others, and by a strict adherence to this rule you may in early youth become tolerably well versed in the use of language. And being thus far qualified for scholarship, you will find but little reluctance to overcome, in devoting all your leisure hours in replenishing your minds with such knowledge as may always be useful and never unfashionable. Whatever branch of study you undertake,

be careful to get a thorough knowledge of it before you undertake another, or your time will be but little better than thrown away.

Another thing I would recommend to you as being important, both to your health and happiness, as well as proficiency in learning, which is temperance in diet. The plainer your food is cooked, the greater the benefit you derive from it. I believe that two thirds of the uncomfortable feelings which mankind experience, are owing to indigestible, richly cooked and highly seasoned food, which has a tendency to overload the stomach, of course disorder the head, dampen the flow of ideas, and depress the spirits, which create wrestlesness of disposition, sourness of temper and diseased system. Is it then not highly important that we should conform our taste to what is essential for our happiness, rather than to graify it to the expense of our ease and interest? Plain diet will have a tendency to preserve the health, enliven the spirit, brighten the intellects, and render more perceptible the understanding. In short, instead of diminishing happiness, it has a tendency to promote it.

Perhaps you may think your advantages are not sufficient for great improvements, but my dear children, what will be necessary for you, is, perseverence in making a

ght improvement of your advantages. For n example, I will name Mr. R. Humphreys, ne of the gentlemen to whom my other ork is addressed. His advantages were ar less than yours, but a persevering disposiion in the pursuit of studies, and a retenive memory, supplied all deficiencies of opportunity. Instead of devotnig his leisure hours to childish pursuits and vain amusements, he was almost constantly engaged in reading, and such was the proficiency he made without half the opportunity of common school boys, that he in early youth bade fair to become an ornament to his sex, and a blessing to his friends. And for one, I can say with propriety, that I have found his friendship to be a blessing; & hope, if life is spared you and him, you may hereafter reap the benefits of his nobleness of disposition, for on his assistance, I rely for the publication of my work.

Let me cherish the fond hope that you will not be inert or dilatory in acquiring the name of a good scholar, which does honour to all ranks in all ages.

I will next make a few observations on that desirable qualification for both sexes—modest reserve, or in other words, delicacy of taste. True delicacy of taste is visible in looks, manners, conversation and dress.—

Nothing can more adorn the youthful mind than delicacy in practices. Such a one will be delicate not only in their conversation and behaviour, but also in their choice of amusements, books, councellors and associates. It will make ordinary features appear graceful, and the lowest class appear elevated and admirable. In short, it heightens every other charm, and is a charm itself above all other gracefulness. Finally, I cannot better express my admiration and estimation of this desirable characteristic, than by inserting the following poetical lines, borrowed from an author.

O modesty ! thou lovely fair,
How bright the graces shine in thee !
No charm can ere with thee compare,
Except 'tis Heaven-born charity.

Not all the glare of wealth and power,
Which high-born heiresses inherit ;
Nor richest dress of India's store
Deserves to rank with modest merit.

Vain Peacock's o'er their heads may rear
Their spangled plumes that all may see
Their gaudy feathers nodding there,
Where solid sense had ought to be.

The sons of pride may court such birth,
And gaze on fancy's outward show ;
For mental, modest, humble worth,
I'll let the tawdry tinsel go.

No beauteous dance, nor beauteous romp,
No taste for fashion's high pretence,
Nor haughty greatness' airy pomp
Can please like modest, solid sense.

Not the rude eye of bolder glance,
Not the bold voice of wit and glee—
Nor foot that neatly turns the dance,
Attracts my heart like modesty.

No rouge red cheek, nor dimple chin,
Nor beau-catch ringlets flowing free ;
Nor sparkling eye, nor snowy skin,
Can charm, O modest worth ! like thee.

From the foregoing, my dear children, you may learn my every sentiment of the excellency of modesty, and as it alike becomes both sexes, I wish you to consider it equally necessary for you to practice.

"If women in general," says CŒLEBS, knew what was for their real interest—If they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously [illegible]

mere self love if not from principle. The designing would choose modesty as an artifice—the coquette would adopt it as an allurement—the pure as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction."

Thus, my dears, you see how much modesty is admired by superior judges of merit; strive then to gain this preferment. When compliments are paid you by either sex, suffer not your bosoms to swell with vain pride, but seriously examine your hearts and ascertain if possible, whether what was spoken justly applies to you; if not, blush exceedingly to receive to yourselves that praise which you are unworthy of, and endeavour by unremitting exertions, to come in competition with the encomiums conferred. If productive of this effect, compliments may be considered harmless; but generally speaking, they are but too well calculated to dilate the weakness of the mind by giving false notions with regard to the estimation others place upon our value; therefore they ought to be rejected.

With regard to that fashionable vice, the use of profane language, I would more particularly caution you, my Son, against the use of it, because your sex are more given to the odious practice. O may you ever feel

a proper sense of its pernicious effects, and acquiesce in the sentiments expressed by EDWARD, when he observed,

"It chills my blood to hear the blest supreme,
Rudely applied to in such trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise—
Remember that to swear, is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

I hope you will never be at loss for words to communicate your ideas without mingling them with such base expressions. I wish you to consider likewise, that it is very impolite, nay, rudeness and indelicacy to sport with the ignorance of those of inferior abilities. I will here mention a circumstance in my youthful experience, to which I have often reverted as one of the greatest errours of my life.

I was one afternoon, when quite young, in company with ladies much superior to myself in years, where a foolish girl was called in to sing for the diversion of the company; and though her songs were very improper, the company manifested extreme mirth in listning to them, & instead of disapprobating what was done, or behaving with becoming sobriety, I joined my mirth with

that of the company which rendered me actually a more suitable object of ridicule than the unfortunate girl who was the object of our sport ; for her weakness was a misfortune, but my rudeness was contemptible. And though I never afterwards heard it spoken of, yet I indulged many disagreeable sensations in consequence of it, and even for some time I could not assume my wonted cheerfulness.

I was determined it should serve as a monition to me through life, which I trust it has done, and hope you will carefully avoid every thing of a similar nature. Though poverty may be your lot through life, remember that true dignity consists in the mind,and not in possessions ; and a strict adherence to virtue and integrity will raise you to respectability. Let not wealth nor poverty have any influence on your feelings in making choice of associates, but let your preference be founded on purity of sentiment and practice.

We are liable to be deceived by the importunate and vain, who value not how much at the expense of others' happiness they are gratified. And if we connect ourselves with them we are exposed to dangers from their artful insinuations to which we are insensible. We behold them in

the pursuit of such practices as the calm voice of reason cannot justify ; still we endure it and continue with them until we are induced to think them unmeaning of evil in their pernicious practices. We pity their want of consideration, pardon their follies, and at length, join in their practices. Thus are we led step by step—"first endure, then pity, then pardon, then embrace" such errours as a few days previous appeared odious indeed.

I would not have you infer from this that I think it necessary to seclude yourselves from society of your own age.—We may have many well selected companions, but more than one confident is not for our happiness : we may be a friend to many, and yet choose to be our own confident in preference to intrusting our concerns or secrets with any. The choice of a confidant and councellor is a delicate choice, and the covenant of friendship, if rightly considered, is a solemn one indeed ; and to a mind of sensibility equally pleasing as it is important.

The mistaken ideas of youth in making choice of confidential friends, frequently deprive them of the advantages they might otherwise derive from such a connexion. Instead of making choice of those whose superior years and experience qualify them

for a councellor, they choose those of their own age whose understanding is not superior to their own, nor does their experience give them a just sense of the solemn obligation binding their profession.—They give their assurance and betray their trust with equal inconsideration, or rather they do not consider it a breach of confidence to communicate to a friend what a friend had confided to them.

Every friend has a friend, and that which ought to be kept a profound secret is handed from one to another until it becomes a general topic amongst all friends together.—Bye and bye, some of the party takes umbrage at some trifle and betrays the whole, perhaps much to the disadvantage of the one who in confidence expressed their sentiments to their bosom friend, unsuspecting of being betrayed.

I would therefore have you use the greatest caution in making choice of your confidants, nor mistake the graceful civilities and natural principles of politeness practised by many, as some particular partiality of respect shown to yourselves: for by receiving the two frequent addresses of those whose lively zest and graceful mien powerfully attract the mind, and imperceptibly steal an interest in our affections, we are lia-

ie to be overtaken by alluring snares of va-iety, which artfully displays capacious harms, and pleads an excuse for all the oys she promises the youthful mind: for n that path those artificers generally seek or bliss, but the means they recommend to ttain it never gives the pursuer possession f the promised enjoyments.

If a love of vanity will not be an acceptable excuse to the bar of God why we spent our lives in it, it is not a sufficient one here; nd if we live in it we must expect to reap he reward of a life spent in vanity;—but I ope you will soar to nobler pursuits—never degrade yourselves with low company, and never consider any as such but those rendered so by base practices.

Be condescending to all, and hospitable to strangers—be not too hasty in forming an unfavourable opinion of those with whom you are not acquainted; but if you do, be sure not to speak of it to another, for it may be reported by them as something you have certain knowledge of—and we never have any right to advance any thing which can terminate to the disadvantage of the person spoken of, unless we can produce sufficient proof to substantiate it; nor is it always prudent for us to speak of that which we may be abundantly able to prove.

Never be too ready to give credit to e reports in circulation about others. Co sider they may be entirely without found tion ; and even if they *are true*, the pers may be justified in having done as is said him, for many things, I trust, which a condemned by man, are tolerated by Go

We cannot judge of the good or evil d signs of those we are unacquainted wit as we know not by what motives they a actuated, or what extraordinary circum stance may have given even their innocen the appearance of guilt. Therefore, I say,

Be not too ready to condemn,
And ever willing to defend :
For why to others owe a grudge ?
Before you know the case you judge !
Wait awhile, perhaps you'll find
Things differ much, and change you
mind—
Or think what Paul to us imparts,
" How can we judge another's heart ?"
Sure God is judge—we cannot tell—
It may be so, and yet be well.
Then leave those things beyond our sight
To him who judges all things right.

We cannot expect to find perfection i the human family. Consistency is all tha

e can rationally look for, and those who evote so much of their time in spying out d publishing the faults of a fellow creature, e generally those who have the greatest are themselves,& practice without a blush, hat they so boldly condemn in others.

" Of all the defects of the human heart," ys a strict observer, " there is none more ncroaching, more assiduous, more danger- us, than mistrust viewed through her dis- orted optics. There is no action so innno- ent—no every day's occurrence so insignif- cant, that does not assume the appearance f offence.—Words are misconstrued ! looks re interpreted—thoughts are guessed at nd acted upon as if they were facts— he supposed fault is retaliated by a real one, hat one gives birth to more—injury suc- ceeds injury—and crimes tread upon the heels of crime, till the web of mischief and misery is complete, and the suspector starts in surprise and horror to find both himself and his adversary equally involved in that guilt, which but for his suspicions, would probably have been the lot of neither.

Consider, my dear children, how many there are who suffer much from cruel and unjust suspicions, while many, who are con- vinced of their innocence, dare not manifest it for fear of displeasing some evil minded

person of not half the real merit of the innocent victim they injure. But I entreat you never to be thus subservient to nugatory principles,—never fear to open your mouth in the cause of justice and defence of injured innocence. If there does exist in your breast one ray of charity, one spark of philanthropy, one trait of pity or fellow feeling, I entreat you to let it shine in your practices. Go visit the chambers and prisons of the sick and afflicted, and administer all the consolation in your power;—if nothing else to give, offer what consolation exists in genuine sympathy, for even that is a greatful offering to the child of grief. Some people insinuate that delicacy forbids our visiting the other sex, even in sickness; but, my children, that is a point of delicacy which I never wish you to learn—for, says Paul, "There is neither male nor female, but all are one in Christ Jesus." In relieving the distresses of our fellow creatures, we are performing the work of the Lord, and it will not be inquired of us in the day of great rewards, why we did not confine our concerns to our own sex. Nor are great possessions always necessary to enable us to show humanity.—I will here mention a little circumstance which proves at once that the feeling heart will find means of doing good.

A little youth one day came to my room, who with apparent satisfaction told me that his father had given him money to keep independence with, and he had come to bestow it on me. O my Children! language cannot express what I at that moment felt. I thought of you, and implored Heaven to instil the same principles in your youthful breasts. Nothing can be more admirable, more godlike, than a merciful disposition,—nothing appears more charming in a youth than the practice of benevolence; I mean not the profession of it but the actual deed. There are many who profess that as well as sympathy and friendship, who adorn their profession with nothing but their own assurance that those principles do exist in their breast. I will here mention a class of friends whose friendship frequently subjects us to great inconveniencies by withholding favors which they would not hesitate granting entire strangers; and to this class belong the greater part who are not our enemies. But that you may easily comprehend my meaning, I will speak directly of my own experience.

I have in particular instances applied for boarding in families who professed to be deeply interested in my welfare, and really manifested much satisfaction in my society;

but being unwilling to charge me the same price they would a stranger, lest I or some other person should think them illiberal, and possessed of two little generosity to keep me for less, they would reject my petition. Thus would their extreme friendship subject me to the inconvenience of being without a home, as well as expose me to public scrutiny. For if I applied for a home elsewhere, people would say, it is very singular she does not make it her home with her friends—for I'm sure they would as soon accommodate her as a stranger, if some misunderstanding had not taken place between them. In other instances, during my illness, I have been under the necessity of applying to some of those zealous friends for services in making or preparing my apparel; and from real necessity, some times, have expressed uncommon solicitude for their services which could not possibly be obtained in consequence of the great urgency of their other engagements. They would however, assure me, it would give them the greatest pleasure to lend me the service I needed if in their power, nor would they think of asking the least reward; but they hoped, since it was not in their power to serve me, I would be better accommodated. Thus, after having soothed my feelings with the assurance of their very great respect and friendship, they would leave me in perplexity, and, perhaps in a few hours afterwards, I would hear of their applying to other people for employment, being wholly out of business; yet would not do my work because their friendship would not admit of their charging me as they would others. This, my children, is the greatest friendship that human hearts in general are susceptible of. But I would rather you would never profess friendship for a fellow creature in life, than to disgrace the profession in such a manner; for unless you do honour to the profession it is only a reproach to you, and a misfortune to those for whom you profess it. True genuine and independent friendship I love to admiration. But a perfidious friend, of all characters, is the most detestible. And this parsimonious and timorous friendship my soul disdains.

But may my hear directed be
To cherish true philanthropy,
  And own the cause sublime;
That man with noble dignity,
From brute divides coercively,
  Held by a hand divine.

Though some of noble powers of mind,
To treachery are oft inclin'd,
And wound true friendship's cause ;
Alas ! my sad experience proves,
The love of self, rules more than all
The force of friendly laws.

Though friendship oft I seek in vain,
True friendship's laws I will maintain,
And trust to future fate ;
If I by chance one friend can find,
Whose soul congenial blends with mine,
I'll prize the blessing great.

True friendship is a native of the skies—and hearts susceptible of her virtues find but little society in this world. Their souls are superior to objects they meet with, and the one is equally unknown to the other, as the other is unioteresting to them. Among the vast multitude of nominal friends, how rarely do we find one who is actually acquainted with the cause they profess, or consider the importance of their profession.

Courtesy of behaviuor is commendable to all ; one may be polite without vanity, and cheerful without rudeness : but humble servants are generally those who hope to be benefitted by their profession. Such kind of compliments, frequently in use, become

cold and inanimate where exists true friendship. Likewise much jesting, which is always unnecessary and unprofitable, then becomes disgusting. True friendship breathes forth the real sentiments of sensibility and refinement ; it is that which speaks congenial souls into a warmness with each other, and yields that pure enjoyment, which instead of being diminished, is more sensibly realized in the chilling blasts of adversity. But the name without the practice or theory, is but sordid chimera—a useless hyeroglific shadow, reproachful to its admirers, and insipid or disgusting to the noble soul, whose integrity, practice of virtue, and love of honour, enable them to rise above the mean contumely of vile machinations, or stooping to retaliate their injuries. A true friend can only be known by the testimony their conduct gives of the sincerity of their profession. We have no reason to doubt the validity or sincerity of the profession of such as are true friends to themselves. A true friend corrects our errours with meekness and humility, and receives our admonition with gratitude. They feel the same interest in our welfare as in their own, nor do they hesitate to manifest their fellowship for us in the presence of our enemies, nor forsake us in the keenest blast of adversity.

Finally, I will close my observations with a few lines adapted to the subject.

Thou sooth'st the bosom desponding with grief,
In keenest afflictions impart sweet relief;
And never abandon the child thou hast own'd:
Nor that virtue condemn which once thou hast known.

Though often 'tis said no friendship exists,
If self is not served, we know not that bliss;
But I say, through ages unchanged remains
The bond and the theme that gave rise to the name.

Though many there are that professing thy name,
And freely pronounce it sincerely though feign—
That live unacquainted with what they profess,
Nor think the injustice done those they address.

Though year after year, stern time may revolve,
No distance by sea or land, can dissolve

The hearts once united sincerely in thee;—
No, never, no never more, changed can be.

Immur'd in the cottage this virtue can shine,
And bloom as the laurel though a prison confines;
Virtue in thee may establish her fame—
True honour is known in friendship's domain.

I have already spoken further on the subject than I expected, and once more call your attention to benevolent graces, which I desire may ever find a seat in your breast, though I hope you will never be made to realize the importance of charity and benevolence by drinking the bitter cup which I have so fully partaken of. It is not necessary for us to experience deep afflictions ourselves in order to alleviate the afflictions of others, though nothing but experience can give us a realizing sense of the heart-wringing sorrows and trying embarrassments known to the child of affliction. Such are always in a greater or less degree subjects of public observation, and frequently of slander and persecution.—But God who knows their need of friends never forsakes nor leaves them destitute, if they trust in him.

You know but little of my afflictions, but from the little you do know, you may well consider that I have been trained up in the school of adversity—an offspring of misfortune, and the mysterious & mournful vicissitudes of my life have enabled me to enter into the feelings of the human heart in almost every condition in life. I have known prosperity and indigence—a sufficiency and want—sickness and health—friends and enemies—applause and persecution—a home and the want of one. In short, I have known human joys and human sufferings—I have lived in four of the states, and in different places in them. I have passed more than four years and three months without having heard the sound of a relative's voice excepting that of my brother. Although I have experienced in the time great persecutions, in addition to dependency and long confinement with sickness, I have, in every place, and every condition, found some valuable friends. In short, those who prove themselves friends at such an hour, are always valuable ; for those of inferior minds will, at such a season, forsake the objects whom in prosperity they were proud to acknowledge as favourites.

The world is full of friends, who like flies, swarm while the sun shines, but flee at the

approach of adversity's winter ; and to justify themselves for such a change of behaviour, they become the persecutors of those objects whom they lately applauded.

Alas, my children ! my soul is often sickened at the knowledge of such friends, and with a sense of the injuries I have suffered from them. Indeed I have felt at seasons, as though my soul could own no companion but that of grief and my sensations were such as nothing but my own thoughts could conceive of ; for to them, language could not give birth. But a story of my misfortunes can afford you no satisfaction, and I only speak of them to give you a sense of your duty to those in similar situations.

Another thing I would mention—never raise the expectations of the sick and afflicted by any promise which you do not expect certainly to perform, for what might appear to you a mere trifle, may be to them a great disappointment. The person who has been long confined becomes neglected by their acquaintance in general. That pity which once was warmly excited for them, is called away by new scenes of distress in other objects, and they are forgotten. They wear away their hours in gloomy retrospection, and melancholy prospects, heightened

by bodily pains and friendly solitude ; they often long for the society of those by whom they are shunned, and feel a lively sense of gratitude for every visit they receive, however short it may be ; and as sensibly feel the disappointment if one promised visit fails. I have frequently received the promise of a visit to be paid some days hence—with what satisfaction did I reflect on the approach of that day on which I expected to be favoured with the society of some friend ; and at the approach of that morning I was anxious to have the hours roll away till the time of their expected arrival. I felt a secret pleasure at the sound of every carriage wheel that drew near my dwelling, and my heart elated at every sound of foot steps that approached the door ; but how were my feelings reversed on learning that all passed indifferently by, and no friend appeared to relieve my anxieties ; and at evening, perhaps I might hear, that the friend from whom I had expected the visit joined a party some where else. At other times persons have called on me whom my solicitude for society, induced me to urge to tarry longer, and they in rendering apologies for a short stay, would say it would be their pleasure to stay with me longer, if con- [illegible] of their concerns

elswhere—they thought of me much in their absence, and should prefer my company to any other, were they not under the necessity of returning home. And having thus politely taken their leave of me, they would, perhaps, go directly from my apartment to visit some neighbour, whose society they had just been telling me was very disagreeable to them, that it could not afford them half so much satisfaction to spend with them a whole day, as they derived from conversing with me ten minutes ; and perhaps they would not, after leaving my apartment, for cause of very urgent business, get home to attend to it till evening or the next day. I speak of these things to you, my children, that you may despise and shun such practices, and always treat those whom fortune seems to have made a subject of sorrow and observation—nay, I may add the sport of the unfeeling, a jest of the unprincipled, as you would wish to be treated, were you like them, unfortunate. However flattering may be your prospects, remember, that the roses of health and happiness, which to day bloom upon your cheeks, may to-morrow be faded by the keen blasts of sorrow and decline of health, or be steeped in the dew of your tears, which flow for unexpected calamities. Children

of affliction are not always meritorious; but the child of merit, is almost invariably the child of sorrow: or rather true greatness of soul, is always accompanied with the keenest sensations, and frequently with very extraordinary afflictions; for mighty powers of mind are fed with mighty woes; and perhaps those who were treated with the greatest contempt, are frequently those who possess the greatest merit. But the world is insensible of merit that moves in the sphere of poverty. Alas! how different are the effects of adversity when seen and felt! To look at it condenses the heart of mankind into stone; but to experience it, melts them into compassion. Some will not relieve the unfortunate, for fear they should relieve the unworthy; but if we assist all, we shall not fail of relieving the meritorious. I consider all objects of distress as objects of compassion. Once more I entreat you to be hospitable, kind and obliging to strangers, whatever may be their appearance, and judge not too hastily from unfavourable appearances, that they are deserving of afflictions.

In the manuscript of my history, I have spoken much more largely on the object than is consistent for me to in this: to that I cite you for a fuller idea of my opinion,

which I give a little further here, by copying from my observations in my life, the following lines.

"In every class, though poverty oppress,
Though roam forsaken subjects of distress,
There does exist some elevated minds,
Tho' tatters clothe, illumin'd and refin'd;
Who never yet engag'd in fellow strife,
Nor hearts yet callous'd with the ills of life,
But so insensible the world appears
To worth like theirs which ought to be revered,
That they unseen, like gems in caverns are,
Or blossoms wasted in the desart air.
With grief familiar, yet unhear'd they sigh,
Unpitied live, and unlamented die;
But nature wrong'd appeals to nature's God
And persecutors tremble at his nod,
When vengeance gives commission to his rod."

The base distinction made between rich and poor, is too universally kept up in our country, in so much, that the merit of many is obscured from the world by poverty; but, notwithstanding those contracted principles are popular and applauded, there are some, whose souls being too noble to be

confined to their limits, leap their nugatory boundaries, and condescend to extend their fellowship to those whom fortune has placed in circumstances far beneath them.

Lord Kilmarnock observed, in his advice to his son, "that a nobleman was never more noble, than when he condescended to make those his equal, whom chance of fortune had alone placed in rank beneath him." "Support the lowly & suppress the proud," was his motto; but I may come still nearer home, and produce various circumstances which confirms me in the belief, that true greatness of mind has much less haughtiness of disposition, and much more condescension than those who were only rendered great by pomp and show, or perhaps merely from self conceit, and bearly means to support it. I wish for no greater evidence of this than circumstances in my own experience, which, perhaps, should I relate some of them, may some day afford you some consolation, and give you a sense of your duty in similar cases. Every mark of respect shown a parent in deep afflictions, I wish you to repay in your treatment to others. That you may know I have not been wholly forgotten by those whose friendship is to be prized, I will insert the following lines which were presented to me by one of

he gentlemen to whom my biography is ddressed, whose name you will find recorded in the commencement of the first hapter of that work. I wish you to peruse hem as the productions of a great as well s a good mind, addressed to your parent n the hours of deepest affliction and adversty, as well as extreme sickness. They eemed to have flowed in great simplicity ease, from effusions of genuine sympathy nd fellow feeling: they bore this inscripion. "A tribute of friendship to Mrs. P. LUCE, the child of genius and misfortune."

Blest by the muses, lov'd by the good,
A friend to herself and a friend to her God;
A stoic in grief as well as a saint,
Tho' denied is relief, her soul never faints.

Why does my spirit sadden soon,
Or why so soon my eyes be dim;
When through the cell my fancy roams,
Where sacred virtue sleeps within?

Where Phebe lies, the Muses' friend,
The child of native genius' art;
The breast where every passion blends
That most refines the feeling heart.

Pause, Muses, pause! tread soft and slow,
When near you to that mansion come;
Where smiles the modest child of woe,
If call'd not to her happy home.

Perhaps the youth no more directs,
Or starts to hear a well known voice,
Or smiles to sooth her weeping guests;
In death her spirit may rejoice.

She sleeps, my fancy seems to say,
The docile PHEBE sleeps in death;
Still sweetly smiles her sacred clay.
Although her spirit's fled to rest.

And can immortal merit die?
The brow immortal sense entwin'd,
And breast that heav'd with fellow sigh,
By grave and coffin be enshrin'd?

And am I solitary left
To bathe with tears, her sacred urn;
And mourn the ravages of death,
That call'd so soon that exile home?

Exil'd indeed from Heav'n above,
To Heav'n for all, she prayers address'd;
Virtuous liv'd and dies belov'd,
Reposing on her Saviour's breast.

In visiting where she must lie,
Regard a simple pile of heath,
Unadorn'd by pomp or pride,
Immortal merit sleeps beneath.

Virtuous ladies, blend your sighs,
When near the sacred sod you go;
Remember there an honour lies,
Pure modest merit sleeps below.

Nor let the Muse suppress one tear
That should bedew thy sacred heath;
Remember lies a sister here,
Immortal merit sleeps beneath.

But fancy, stay, nor fly too far,
Perhaps she lives and yet may rise,
And yet may shine like brightest stars,
When no clouds obscure the skies.

By a FRIEND.

The foregoing lines so sufficiently discover the disposition of their author, that further comments on that point would be unnecessary. He blushed not to manifest his sentiments, even when I was extremely persecuted by the tongue of those who delight to insult the miseries of their fellow creatures. I mention those characters to you for your example, and because they being some of

the characters to whom my other work is addressed, are not mentioned in that, their names are barely recorded: but from that you will learn, that providence has, in a peculiar manner, singled me out a shining mark for envy, and I have felt the lash of slander to great excess, but have ever had this consolation, that my friends were those whose good opinions were highly to be prized, and I hope their examples will not be forgotten by you. But one anecdote more I will relate to you, relative to another of the characters to whom my work is addressed; which story, perhaps, you may consider interesting, as well as an example to teach you, that a willing mind, with scanty means, may do benevolent actions, and also that true greatness and true meeknes may be united in the same person.

The character I shall now endeavour to shew you, is a Doctor Rowley, a native of Virginia, whom fortune brought to the same vicinity where I sought for health. He was not only a great, but a good man; his means were adequate to benevolent purposes, and his disposition to do good, was rivaled by none; he was not only a physician to the body, but also to the mind; for when his prescriptions could not alleviate, his valuable instructions and interesting con-

versation, reconciled the mind, and enlivened the spirits, by which means, many of the sufferers were the better enabled to bear the calamities of fortune. Justice and liberality were seen in his daily administrations: true meekness and nobleness of disposition shone forth in all his practices. In short, he was an ornament of nature—the "milk of human kindness" flowed through all his veins, and the benevolence of his heart might be compared to a fountain always flowing, yet always full.

My being the child of misfortune first excited his curiosity to become acquainted, and in this condition of poverty and affliction, he seemed to take an interest in my case, and bestowed on me the blessing of his friendship, which was a treasure, that many in high life, had sought in vain. Thus my children, you see, that wealth does not always attract and influence honour: This discerning philanthropist seemed to penetrate the secret emotions of my heart, and understand the reflection that gave birth to every sigh my bosom heaved. He often spake of you as though deeply interested in your welfare, and was by no means insensible of the anxiety our great separation must occasion me. His just idea of this was clearly discovered in the following lines, which he

one day recorded with a pencil, on first entering my room.

" The sigh still struggles to progress,
Which demure smiles can scarce suppress,
Or look within a mother's breast,
By griefs and cares and hope oppres'd."

After I run over those lines, he asked me, if I supposed I could express my feelings with regard to my children, in such a manner, that any person but myself, could have any just conception of my anxiety on their account. I gave him a poetical piece written on that occasion, which expressed my feelings as nearly as I could on that point. He looked at the lines, and after making several pauses, read them through, but seemed not disposed to make much conversation afterwards, but walked the room awhile and took his leave.

A few days afterwards he called again, and told me he must shortly leave the place, and " I wish you, madam," continued he, presenting me with a piece of painting, " to to receive this pledge, which I offer as a seal of the covenant of my friendship—wear it next your heart, and let it be sacred to you, for the giver, unless called forth by some benevolent action, which would make

the wearing of it longer, a reproach ; but, above all." said he, " let my friendship ever find a sacred deposit in your bosom, and its constancy shall convince you of its purity ; speak of me to your children— teach them to know they have such a friend—a friend who is capable of esteeming the merit of their afflicted mother, and my friendship will remain unshaken, however forlorn may be your condition in life." Here a tear started in his eye, and being too full for utterance, he left the room.

The painting he gave me, was a representation of four figures elegantly drawn and set. The first was a striking resemblance of himself, represented kneeling before an orphan brother and sister, representing you, my children, with a hand on the head of each, his eyes raised towards Heaven as though imploring a blessing ; which an angel, with his wings extending over them, seemed ready to drop on their heads. I gazed on this donation as a sacred deposit, designed to secure to our possession, the blessing invoked upon our heads, by the munificent giver. I regarded it with emotions inexpressible, repeating again to myself the emphatical words accompanying the confering of it to my possession ; " unless called forth by some benevolent

action." In short, there was not a single scene of my life, but what was brought to my recollection by this expressive, admonitory and impressive miniature. I recollected the half wretched condition that first made me acquainted with the benevolent original, whose extreme sensibility, sad experience had taught me sensibly to feel.—His example, thought I, shall serve as admonition to me through life; and this picture, when I present it to my children, may shew them an example likewise.

I deposited the picture, newly washed with "tears from grief distilled," mingled with those of gratitude and sensibility, and said in my heart, this, with the leave of Heaven, I will press to my bosom as a memorial, forever. But alas! there were more sufferers in the world than myself.

I was afterwards cast into the same mansion with an unfortunate stranger, who, on returning from a visit to his Father in his last illness, fell sick some distance from the residence of his wife, whose precarious state of health would not admit of her accompanying him.

Being nearly destitute of money, he was unable to defray extraordinary expenses, and therefore employed no physician to attend him, until his small resources were entirely exhausted in supplying other necessities. His case was considered dangerous by the people, and medical aid was called. The physician on his arrival, made usual examination and pronounced his case to be truly alarming, but refused to make any prescriptions for his relief, till he could have sufficient security given him. I hope sir, said I, you will not see this unfortunate stranger languish in distress, or leave the world for the want of any relief in your power to bestow, for surely you have the best of security; you have divine promises of a reward for all you do for him.

"It is useless, madam," said the unfeeling physician, "to preach to me in this manner; I always take care of one: but if you are so very benevolent, you now have the privilege of manifesting your liberality:—please to defray the expenses yourself." I hesitated a moment, thinking I had no means, but instantly recollecting the picture, I drew it from my bosom, and offered it as a pledge, which he readily accepted and began to prescribe for the patient. Once more I pressed it to my lips with the liveliest emotions of sensibility and gratitude, which wrung from my eye, "fond memory's pleasing, painful tear," that rested upon the miniature as though to conse-

crate it as an offering for the blessing I wish-
ed to accompany to the stranger.

"You seem to value it highly, madam," said the physician. I do indeed, Sir, re-turned I, but a mind like yours can have no conception of the value I place upon it Dear as it is to me, I valu- it not in competition with the life of an unfortunate fellow mortal. It is not for the price it cost I mostly value it, but for the giver and the example it teach-es me. Even the view of it, and a remem-brance of the original, would forbid my with-holding it in such a case ; and the tear I shed was not at the loss of the picture, but a realizing sense of the vast difference of the dispositions which first gave me possession of it, and now induces me to part with it. It is the miniature of a humane philanthro-pist, who would not disgrace a benevolent heart with such an act of parsimony as the one which at this time calls it forth. So saying, I presented it, imploring Heaven to make it a means of doing good in the case in which I had offered it as a sacrifice.

The medicine took the desired effect ; ev-ery thing appeared favourable, and the stranger was soon able to proceed on his journey, and for a long time I heard nothing more from him ; at length, by order of Providence, I happened in company with a

quakeress lady and husband, who in the course of conversation, related to me a sto-ry of a young lady who they said had lately lost her sight in consequence of films having grown over her eyes, which they observed, physicians said, might easily be taken off, and she restored to her former sight ; but she was the daughter of a widow lady who had it not in her power to raise a sum suffi-cient to defray the expense of the operation, therefore, the unfortunate girl must remain blind.

My compassion, you may well suppose, was warmly excited in listening to such a pathetic story ; and I freely expressed my sentiments with regard to the illiberality of neighbours and acquaintance, who were blessed with the good things of life, and could witness with indifference, such a scene, and suffer the hapless victim to lan-guish for such a blessing, which they had means to bestow without the least injury to themselves or family.

After hearing my observations, the lady, turning to her husband, said, "this lady makes me think of the one we have so of-ten heard our neighbour Henry speak of."

They then related to me the circumstance of the man whom I have just been speaking

of, that fell sick among strangers. They related me the story with the greatest accuracy, without having any idea that I was knowing to the circumstance. I enquired of them particularly respecting the circumstance of the young man, whom they told me a bachelor uncle had since left as heir to a handsome fortune; that he had moved from the place where he at that time lived, and established himself in the business of merchandize. They also observed he had made such inquiry after the lady, whose humanity he thought, was the means of saving his life, but could gain no intelligence of her.

Having made all the inquiry necessary respecting his place of residence, I addressed him a letter, (without any date of place) in which I related to him the story of the blind girl, in the most pathetic manner I was capable of, conjuring him in the name of justice and humanity, to afford her the needed relief, by administering to her necessities, as the friend who now addressed him did to his, in the time of need and hour of distress I gave him every necessary intelligence with regard to the residence and circumstances of the young lady spoken of, but my own I entirely concealed from him, that he should not think I was influenced in writing to him by selfish motives. I afterwards

learned, by diligent inquiries, that he went after and carried the young lady to his house, and employed a skilful surgeon to remove the films from her eyes, and her sight was shortly restored, and it was expected she was soon to be married to his wife's brother, who made one of their family.

In another instance, an amiable lady presented me with a ring, who said, as she placed it upon my finger—I give this, not as an ornament to your finger, but in hopes that you in wearing it will honour the giver with your remembrance and friendship. I know your disposition, said she, and know you would receive nothing but what you would part with if duty called; but may Heaven preserve you from an experience which shall compel you to part with this to answer your own necessities.

This ring was afterwards willingly sacrificed, to redeem a blooming youth from punishment, who afterwards proved innocent of the crime for which he had been condemned, and found to be the brother of the lady who gave me the ring.

Thus far, my children, have I shown you, in as few words as possible, the effects of a benevolent mind: and several other similar instances I might mention, if time would admit, which I have not mentioned in my other

work, nor do I speak of them here for the sake of telling that I did those things, but to teach you to do them, and shew you an example whereby you may be beneficial to your fellow creatures.

A disposition is oftener wanting than means to do good. Had not the lady and gentleman I mentioned, possessed much kindness and candour of heart, they never would have felt interested for me; of course would never have given me those tokens of their friendship: and had I possessed no fellow-feelings, they would have remained in my possession instead of relieving others. Had I kept them by me, they would neither have fed or clothed, nor even have relieved a restless conscience; but in bestowing them, I secured to myself an unfailing consolation—the satisfaction arising from a sense of having done my duty.

One instance more I will shew you, in which I had it in my power to render an important favour to an unfortunate female when I was destitute of every other means but the use of language and the pen. The story I mention, I cannot better relate, than by inserting the copies of some letters in which I first related the story to another lady; but as the parties I shall speak of have

no knowledge of my making the circumstance public, I shall not expose their names.

(Copy of a letter to Miss Darwin.)

New-York, Oct. 1815.

DEAR MARIA,

Did I think you divested of those sensitive powers which render the bosom susceptible of tender feelings, I should not take the trouble to answer you with freedom; for where there is no judgment, arguments are of no use; and where there is no honour, there is no convincing of honour, nor will admonition be received where there is no stability—neither can charity exist without sensibility, nor can those generous passions, even though possessed, appear conspicuous to the world till cultivated by experience and shown forth by practice. Therefore, be not incensed when I tell you, that in the practice of one thing thou lackest. Pardon the assurance that the principles of uncharitableness, so visibly displayed in your last, both surprise and grieve me. Then, Maria, how could you find a heart to treat the unfortunate lady you mentioned, in such language of acrimonious upbraiding? Surely, had you at that time, felt the influence of Divine grace, the tender passions of sym-

pathy and humanity would have awakened in your breast. Think, my dear Maria, how cruel is the punishment we inflict by aggravating the injuries of an innocent sufferer, whose bosom is already impregnated by the subtle sting of poignant grief, rendered more hopeless from harsh invectives of her own sex, on whose charity nature seems to have given her a just claim. You say you have no evidence of her innocence only her own story. Let me ask you—have you any evidence of her guilt but your own suspicions? The cruel, barbarous validity of jealsousy, but illy becomes the docile bosom, dear Maria. That tyrant, (uncharitableness) usurping the finer faculties of timid sensibility, extends its illicit influence over the opticts of pathetic susceptibility, blighting with its apathy, the disclosing charms of modest dignity, displayed in overpowering strains of tender sympathy, sparkling in the tear that imperceptibly steals down the cheek of unsuspecting purity, and robs even virtue, intrinsic virtue, of its resplendant garb. Draw back, my dear Maria, from a heart too good to submit to tyrannical jealousy, or be influenced by rigid customs of bigoted formalists, the veil of malevolence, and you shall hear the story of the unfortunate, but innocent

sufferer you spake of, whose name is FANNY C———.

Too wearied, Maria, I grow,
Too feeble my languishing breast:
Too trembling my hand to disclose
The story, till sleep has refreshed.

(Continued.)

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DEAR MARIA,

Agreeable to my promise, I this morning resume my pen to relate the story yesterday spoken of. Mr. Henry C. formerly from England, was a gentleman endowed with many noble qualities of mind and gracefulness of person, which more than supplied a deficiency of property.

Miss Henrietta Laroy, belonged to a family of distinction, and was possessed of many personal graces, which were excelled by those of the mind. She was sole heiress to a large fortune, but her mind was too noble to look upon that capricious show as enhancing her value. Some fortuitous display of intervening Providence, brought this interesting couple into each other's presence, just as her father was about to wed her to one of his own choosing.

Minds like theirs could not long remain

insensible of each other's merit, and they soon became warmly attached ; but the obstacles that must be surmounted to effect a union, were great. She must forsake her former home forever, with a sacrifice of all dependance, and he must flee to screen himself from the resentment of her father.

In this dilemma, they sought an asylum of safety, on the distant shores of America—a country highly recommended for liberty, equality and humanity, where he procured a commodious stand, and established himself in the business of law. The brilliancy of his talents, could not long remain unobserved by a discerning public, and he soon became eminent for his superior faculty in the practice of that profession. Here they became the happy parents of a daughter (the Fanny we speak of,) whose youthful features disclosed the blushing charms of modesty and expanding ideas, evinced at an early period, what might be expected from the daughter of such parents.

The affectionate Father spared no pains to have his daughter taught in all the useful & ornamental branches of education. The proficiency she made raised the most flattering expectations in the minds of her parents, who scarcely reflected that a child of her superior merit, was born a subject of sorrow.

While she was yet very young, a gentleman, but little superior to herself in years, became much prepossessed in her favour, and met with a generous return of his affections : but the contrast in their estate was evidently inconsiderable. He was the son of very wealthy parents, and like her, was an only child. But her real estate was not yet known. The business of her father was lucrative, but their fashionable way of living was expensive, and the liberality of his soul, devoted much of his income to benevolent purposes ; but the superior merit of this worthy young lady, easily gained the approbation of the Father, for his Son's union with her. Thus did the fair Sun of hope and smiles of prosperity, shed their cheering influence over the prospects of this worthy family.

Previous to the appointed time, for the anticipated union to take place between the young Albert, (whose Sir name I shall not mention) and the sole mistress of his affections, the affectionate mother and daughter, (Mrs. and Miss C.) observed an unusual melancholy settled on the countenance of Mr. C. for which they could study no cause, but endeavoured to animate his spirits by every office of attention that congugal and filial love could dictate. But a circumstance still

more alarming soon increased their fears. With extreme solicitude they witnessed the husband and father, writhing with the agonies of a mortal disease, with which he was violently attacked. On being made sensible of his approaching dissolution, he called his wife and daughter, accompanied by her intended companion, to his bed side, and disclosed to them the cause of his late dejection, which, he said, rendered the idea of being taken from his family, still more dreadful. He had become surety for one, whom he had ever revered as a friend, to the amount of nearly all he possessed ; and contrary to his expectations, he was left to answer the demand. Heaven, added he, in all the agonies of an expiring partner, Heaven alone must be the protector of my destitute family.

Fear not, said the generous Albert, participating in the feelings of the afflicted mourners ; fear not, I have enough, and Mrs C. shall not only share all the consolation that can be administered by an affectionate daughter, but shall also find in me, a son equally affectionate.

This kind assurance seemed to soothe the agonies of his sinking soul, which was shortly after escorted, by the hand of death, into the regions of eternity.

It is needless to mention the grief of the

surviving family, stripped of the only relative known to them. This melancholy circumstance still longer delayed the nuptials between Albert and Fanny ; and the Father of the young man, finding that both the mother and daughter would be dependant on his son, was rather inclined to retract from his agreement to their union.

Here, my dear Maria, I must record an action, at which, blushing modesty turns pale, and attic pride refuses to acknowledge the deed, while my pen discloses (mortifying thought) the perfidy of one of our own sex, who being a lady of rank, had ever been treated with much respect, she had long ardently wished to rival the superior Fanny in the affections of her admirer, and now thought it a favourable opportunity to take advantage of the seeming indifference of his Father to his union with Fanny as a circumstance in her favour. She accordingly went to him, cloaked in the garb of pretended friendship, and disclosed in profound secrecy, a circumstance, at which he said even the thought made her heart bleed, and sealed her statement with the appearance of truth, with the hypocritical tears of vile machinations. By her artful story she induced the father to think, that his son was about to effect his own ruin by uniting himself

with one, whose attrocious crimes tarnished the dignity of her sex.

Thus her poisonous breath contaminated, in his opinion, the unblemished character of the modest Fanny, whose timid sensibility did not arm her with so much resolution in resen ting injuries, as the meekness of her soul did with fortitude to forbear them. The father now peremptorily forbid his son's pay ing any further addresses to Fanny; which circumstance, being related to Mrs. C. already borne down with the pressure of her grief, overpowered her fortitude, & she sunk beneath this new and unexpected calamity. She could not bear the disappointment of her daughter, which she was sensible must be great, and the anxiety of her mind produced a fever, which gradually reduced her system. The affectionate Albert, solicitous to fly to the relief of his fair dependants refused to comply with the commands of his father, at which he flew into a violent rage, and to punish his son for his obstinacy, as he termed it, ordered him confined in his apartment. Not satisfied with that, he flew to the mansion of Fanny, and in the presence of her mother, addressed her in the most barbarous and unjustifiable language; vociferating threats of revenge, if she should presume to receive further visits from his son. The

flicted mother heard his address with petri- ing astonishment, and with a few groans ested from the grievous afflictions incident mortals. Thus was the afflicted Fanny ereaved of her last hope, and in an agony of rief inexpressible, deploring the fatal apa- y that had severed from her embraces, the arling guardian of her youth, sunk sense- ess, by the breathless corpse of her mother, n which condition she remained for some ours, in a state of insensibility. But to hat was she awakened? to such a sense of er situation that language is unable to por- ray it. Feeble as was her strength, she ould not be prevailed upon to refrain from ollowing the corpse of her mother to the lace of interment.

But guess what was the agitation of Al- ert, on beholding from his window the sol- lm procession moving slowly towards the church-yard and recognized in the only mourner, his beloved Fanny. Though con- cealed her face with the cypress shade, she apppeared more lovely to him than ever — Her case was more to be pitied, and of course gained a deeper interest in his feel- ings, than when he saw her less the child of grief.

At that instant, his Father entering the room, became a witness to his overpowering

emotions, so keenly felt and visibly manifested. He fell upon his knees before his Father, imploring his compassion, and in the tenderest language of lively sensibility breathed forth the ardour of a feeling soul fraught with grief uncontroulable.

This pathetic address, instead of softening, increased the malignancy of his obdurate heart, and returning it with bitter reproaches, he left his son to all the horrours of his situation. As soon as the shades of evening had spread its sable shroud over the city, this half distracted youth, determined to liberate himself from his bondage or perish in the attempt; leaped from his window: but unfortunately his father instantly discovered him, and had him seized and put into closer confinement, after which, he spent the remainder of the night in studying by what means he might send Fanny to some place where all attempts of his son to find her, would prove ineffectual. At length, he recollected a circumstance, which he thought promised success in such an undertaking.—The most intimate friend of Fanny, was a niece of his, who had some years made it her home at his house, but was at that time gone to New-York on a visit to her Father, which he thought a favourable circumstance to aid his villainous deception.

Early the next morning, he went to the Capt. of a vessel, which was expected to sail in a few days for the West Indies, and stated to him that he had a beautiful servant girl which he would give to him, if he would take her to the West Indies, where, he said, he doubted not but he might sell her to some gentleman for a great price; for she was very graceful; adding, nothing induced him to part with her, but the fear she would bewitch his son, whom he wished to marry to a lady of fortune.—He further stated he should put her on board, under the pretence of sending her to New-York, to take care of a sick niece of his; and charged the Capt. not to let her know but what his vessel was bound for that port.

Having thus far succeeded according to his wishes, he forged a letter in behalf of his niece, stating that she was very ill, and extremely anxious to have her dear Fanny come and stay with her, until health should return, or she be called to take her parting leave of earthly friends, assuring her she might repose every confidence in the Capt. who had promised to deliver the letter himself and take her under his immediate protection, if she would consent to accompany him. This letter was given to the Capt. with directions where to deliver it and a sum of money hand-

ed him to pay him for his trouble. He accordingly gave her the letter and with all the cordiality of a well known friend, urged her to accept the invitation and promising to call the next day and hear her conclusion, he took his leave while she consulted with her friends. But after a moment's sober reflection she recollected that nothing remained to render her stay in that place desirable, but the privilege of visiting the grave of her deceased parents. She thought too that her absence might release her Albert from imprisonment, doubting not but her friend would acquaint him with the place of her residence if possible, and lend her all the assistance in her power. Putting up her clothing and a few chosen books, she prepared for her journey.

Next day a carriage drove up from which the captain alighted and expressed much satisfaction to learn she had concluded to accompany him, kindly offering his assistance in whatever his service might be required. She went on board with such reflections as experience only can conceive of—took her apartment and left it no more till they were many leagues on her passage. She seldom appeared in the presence of the passengers, excepting when she took her seat at the table.

The captain soon began to think, that instead of being a servant girl, she had every appearance of being a lady of superior rank and accomplishments. He every day became more and more interested in her favour, but dared not take her into the presence of his wife, lest she should distrust his fidelity to her, or guess the duplicity he had practised in seducing an unfortunate female from her home, to gratify some evil disposed person.

One of the passengers, a young gentleman of wealth, became much enamoured with her appearance, and enquired of the Captain the particulars relative to his fair charge. The latter informed him of her dependant situation, and he readily paid his demand and received from the captain a writing that secured her to his possession.

The next day, after dining, the gentleman very urgently pressed her to walk on deck, which invitation she at first declined accepting, and he added—"if you will not walk on deck with me I will set with you in your apartment." The captain then observed, "she had better walk out and take the air with the rest of the ladies"—she made no further excuses but accompanied him.

The mystery of her being there was yet unknown to him, but he was led to distrust

her goodness, and rather inclined to treat her with such insolence as was disgusting to the feelings of delicacy. On her returning to her apartment, he attempted to follow her, to which she objected. His persisting in his resolution, surprised and grieved her, and she said she would acquaint the captain with his insolence if he did not observe more decorum in his behaviour. She would know if he suffered those under his care to be treated in such a manner.

"My dear girl," said he, with an insinuating smile, "you are no longer under his care—I have paid your ransom, and you are no longer dependant on the captain for favours:—but I, even I, have become your happy protector, and here is the writing," said he, (holding it forth at the same time,) "that secures you to my possession, and places you beyond the reach of want."

Gazing on the writing a moment with astonishment, she replied; "the captain had no demands on her, excepting for her passage; and that she expected would be settled on her arrival at New-York; but at least, she did not wish to be sported with in such a manner" "You are deceived, my charmer," replied the gentleman, "this vessel is bound to the West Indies, and in a few days, with a favourable gale, we may be wafted into that port."

The Captain that instant entering, was appealed to by both parties, and he, knowing that further deception would be of no use, confessed the truth.

Fanny for a moment seemed lost in petrifyed astonishment, then raising her eyes towards Heaven, she ejaculated—"Father of mercies! am I then no longer an object of thy care?" and she sunk senseless on the floor. The ladies were called—she was conducted to her apartment, where she remained in a state of insensibility till the next morning, & then only awakened to a keener sense of her accumulated woes. She passed forty-eight hours without nourishment, and in all the dreadful apprehensions of cruel suspense, or rather expectations of unavoidable ruin. "O my Father! my Mother!" she cried, "knowest thou my wretchedness? or where now are thy spirits that they hover not to screen thy child from infamy? O my God! hearest thou not my prayers? or why am I forsaken by thee and Albert? O Albert! guessest thou my present wretchedness? knowest thou the danger to which thy Fanny is exposed, and the keen anguish that tortures her bosom? till now I have never known grief like this."

Thus she mingled her sighs and tears with the relentless waves and thoughtless

breezes, that wafted not one whisper of consolation to her agitated bosom during the remainder of the passage: and when the intelligence was given that they had made the port, which was joyfully received by all but herself, it only heightened her grief, as her prospects were more to be dreaded than dangers of the sea.

The gentleman told her she must make ready to accompany him, which she refused to do. He then endeavoured by persuasive arguments and flattery, to reconcile her feelings, which were unreconcilable, to what she had reason to expect from the bold advances he at first made to her, which so powerfully affected her feelings and health, that he had not since ventured to trouble her with any importunities until he had come with this message. And now, finding all he could say ineffectual, he triumphantly bade her consider herself wholly in his power, and said, if she chose to remain obstinate, she must expect to suffer the consequence of his resentment—assuring her at the same time, she should want for nothing that could add to her comfort if she would remonstrate no further against complying with his offers: adding—"he thought one in her situation might be contented with that." Realizing her friendless,

unprotected and dependant situation, she reflected further resistance would be useless, and giving him her trembling hand, he conducted her on deck. A deadly paleness seized her grief-worn cheek, while she surveyed for a moment, the elements spread around her; then exclaimed, "this is my only alternative—may God forgive me," she plunged herself into the deep, & immediately disappeared Boats were let off in hopes of finding her, but she was seen no more by the crew, which induced them to think she had either gone under the vessel, or was devoured by some inhabitants of the water. But fortunately at some distance from there, was a vessel bound for New-York, and just hoisting her sails for that port, at which period one of the hands got knocked overboard whom they had just rescued from the waves, when a sea wafted along side a female whom they dexterously took in, and on examination, the Surgeon declared that there yet remained signs of life. They readily judged from her appearance, she was not a native of that climate. Every effort was made use of to restore her, but for some time without much hopes of successs, till at length evident signs of life was visible to all. The next morning she swallowed some nourishment, and in

two days from the time she was taken up, was able to converse and walk a little; and in the course of four days, her health and strength were, in a great measure, restored.

She learned with joy to what port they were bound, and the humanity with which she was treated, served, in a measure, to soften her grief. She gained the love and esteem of the passengers, who on their arrival at this port, contributed and paid her passage.

Such, my dear Maria, are the persecutions which the unfortunate Fanny has been subjected to. Guess, then, what must be her feelings at receiving on her first arrival in the port, where she hoped to meet with native kindness, such language as tarnished the little ray of hope that glimmered in her breast, that she might find humanity in those whom she thought to be judges of merit. But I doubt not that a tear of regret for so hasty and unfavourable a conclusion, mingled with that of sympathy, will make redress for the corroding sting of those words poured into the bleeding bosom of injured innocence.

I have written to the father of Albert, acquainting him of the present place of Miss C's residence, and I hope he will think proper to redress the injuries he has inflicted on one whose merit cannot fail to plead its own cause.

Let other females pride in this,
A sister to condemn;
To me far sweeter is the bliss,
Their merit to defend.

PHEBE LUCE.

(*Continued to the same.*)

New-York, Oct. 26, 1815.

DEAR MARIA,

My health is too much indisposed for much writing; I would, however acknowledge, it gives me much pleasure to learn you have become the friend of Miss C. and that she at present resides with so worthy a family.

I likewise comply with your request in giving you a copy of a letter written to Albert's Father, whom I addressed as follows:

SIR,

You will no doubt be much surprized to receive an epistle from one whom you never saw, and probably never heard of. But pardon, sir, the unauthorized liberty of a stranger, who even dares to address one of your rank in behalf of injured innocence, and suffering virtue. May I not be allowed to take an interested part in a cause in which one of my own sex was the first aggressor, who

tarnished the rank to which she belonged, while her contaminating breath impregnated your bosom with increased apathy and implanted in it the corroding sting of keen remorse, arising from a sense of having practiced unjustifiable cruelties in violation of the laws of God and man, in dooming to a life of ignominious bondage or infamy, still more dreadful, the fair bud of innocence, whose only crime was superior merit. You will doubtless be much surprised to learn that I have been made acquainted with that nefarious duplicity which I doubt not is at present your greatest affliction, and still more so when I tell you that I am probably the only one in this city who has any knowledge of it. But that I have learned the particulars is irrefragable, and by what means is immaterial. The agency of heaven will disclose omnipotent daring delinquency, and the hand of justice inflict on the head of the offenders, the judgments designed by them for the innocent victims of their rash displeasure.

But, do not think, sir, that I wish to compel you by threats of public exposure, but believe me a friend who only wishes to give you an opportunity of voluntarily doing justice, by restoring that happiness which your rashness has destroyed. The persecuted

Miss C. still lives, and is now in this city; a spared monument of vestal purity. But, sir, had not the diabolical conspiracy against her been impeded by the interposition of heaven, her inevitable ruin must have doomed you to wear out your life, in hopeless anguish with all the horrors of keen remorse rankling in your breast, without the privilege of lessening its acrimony by removing the cause which first excited it. Does not the thought produce sensations of shuddering? Does not the principles of justice recoil at the recollection of that awful coincident, calculated to usurp the prerogative of nature, defended by our moral laws? Would not every feeling bosom swell with indignation at the recital, and willingly lend their aid to restore the injured rights of Miss Fanny C.? Yes, I trust, she yet has friends who are able and willing to defend her cause; and one she has, greater than man, whose omnipotent arm cannot be swayed by the feeble effort of yours; and her mysterious delivery from design against her, I think, must convince you of that fatal passion which induced you to do her injustice. To err is no more than human nature; but to correct our errours, return to virtue, or redress the wrongs we have inflicted on others, is a noble action, superior to the sordid disposition

of groveling mortals. Therefore, I give you an opportunity to do an action which will do honor to one in your station. Can you, sir, withhold that boon which alone can secure happiness to yourself while here, and shield you with the garb of justification when summoned to appear before the awful tribunal of that great Jehovah, in whose bosom is treasured every action we may have performed in life. But I am convinced you will need no persuasion, but will rejoice in an opportunity of restoring the rights of an injured female, whose virtues entitle her to your humanity, and who has also once received from you the promise of protection as a parent. I am sure you could not behold her without approbating the choice of your son, as being founded on real merit. The meekness of her disposition and graceful modesty, displays the purity of a heart untainted with vice; while her accents breathe forth the true and genuine sentiments of truth and virtue, without upbraiding or censuring those by whom she has suffered wrong. Believe me, sir, I do not wish to expose you, but wish to promote your happiness. I have the highest confidence in your doing honour to yourself by doing justice in this cause.

Believe me, sir, your most obedient and very humble servant. PHEBE LUCE.

P. S. Sir, if you wish to make enquiry for the lady mentioned, call at the Post Office, at the corner of Garden and Wall-street, New-York, and you will find a line with directions.

—

New-York, November 9,1819.

DEAR MARIA,

The adventitious occurrences of this morning, have furnished me with a subject for writing, and I am unwilling to leave town without acquainting you of my discoveries which I must do in a few lines.

This morning, a gentleman called at the Post Office to enquire for letters in my name, who shortly returned in company with another who requested an interview with me. I requested him to walk in, but was surprized to see enter my apartment an entire stranger, of whom I had not the least knowledge. He addressed me in all the cordiality of a familiar acquaintance, which I returned with an ordinary compliment, and not even that without embarrassment, which I think was visible to him; but he paused a moment and then asked if I knew of any other lady by my name in the place. I answered in the negative: he then drew from his pocket-book a letter which I instantly recognized to be the one I had written to the

Father of Albert. A warm glow instantly flushed over my features, which he observing, smilingly asked me if I knew the handwriting. I acknowledged it to be mine, and received from him, in return, some polite commendations. But, to be short, he soon made me acquainted with the object of his visit to town; which was to accompany Miss C. to the embraces of her Albert and his acquiescing father. On enquiry I learned from him the following particulars:—

That the father after he had put Fanny on board the vessel, was too much elated with the success of his nefarious schemes, to conceal his satisfaction, and while his heart triumphed in his base deception, he entered the apartment in which his son was confined, and in a tone that betrayed something unusual, he said, "Well, my son, your dear Miss C. has turned out much as I expected she would." "What do you mean?" said Albert—"I hope you would not insinuate that Fanny has been guilty of any thing derogatory to her character." "Not in the least," replied the father, "for I do not think any thing can be derogatory to such a character. She has only gone off with a sailor whom she knew nothing about—but that is no more than might be expected from her." At these accents, grief and resentment sparkled in the eyes of Albert, while a crimson blush flushed over his manly features, succeeded by a deathly paleness, and his mild bosom swelled with indignant commotion, as he readily guessed some treachery had been practised by his unfeeling father, to complete the wretchedness of both. He passed the day with painful conflicts, at the close of which, the violence of his agitation produced insanity. A violent fever succeeded, and his life was wholly despaired of, both by physicians and friends. The father was deeply impressed with the situation of his son, and a sense of his own vileness; but it was now too late to recall these measures which it seemed probably must end in the inevitable ruin of his family. The violent symptoms at length abated, and hope was again cherished of Albert's recovery.

The father on seeing his son restored to the use of reason, and in a state of convalescence, forgot his penitence, and still appeared to persist in the determination which his solicitude while he looked upon himself as the murderer of his only son, made him repent of.

Such were the prospects when my letter reached the hand of the father, who was filled with dread to learn that Miss C. was in New-York, & that the story of his diabolical

conspiracy had gone abroad. His severe exercises of mind terminated in sincere repentance and a humble confession of his guilt, for which he felt nothing could make atonement but redeeming love, and rested not till he found remission of his sins in the abundance of pardoning grace, and now only waited for an opportunity to humble himself at the feet of Fanny, and ask of her that pardon he had obtained of God. And as Albert's health was not yet sufficiently restored to venture so far abroad, this young gentleman, who had ever substituted to him a brother, was sent in company with the neice mentioned in my former letter (who had previously returned to her uncle's) to accompany Fanny to their mansion, where she was to be united to the object of her juvenile engagements. He likewise observed that the lady who first embittered the old gentleman against Fanny had been extremely sick, & freely confessed that her statement was entirely without foundation. Many more circumstances he also mentioned, which my strength will not permit me to record at present, and after offering me a thousand manly and grateful acknowledgments, took his leave, promising to call again in company with the ladies before they left town, which would be soon.

PHEBE LUCE.

From the foregoing, you see, my Children, how far we may suffer unjustly, and how ready many are to believe every unfavourable report and especially to condemn strangers without any evidence of their guilt, but circumstances which appear to them mysterious. I say we had better vindicate the cause of the guilty than to condemn the innocent But many who most practice vice, glide through life with applause, and trample upon the innocent and pure in principle. I have seen so much of this, that I wholly discard public and popular opinion, and act independently in forming an opinion and I wish you to do so too. Consider well whom you choose for friends, but be firm and independent in that profession, nor blush to acknowledge for whom you profess it; or vindicate their cause when necessary. Be not censorious to any, and be careful not to sport with the feelings of the unfortunate, or add afflictions to the afflicted, by unguarded expressions, or slight reproofs; remember that their trials are sufficient without aggravation. Let all your words be spoken without dissimulation, that what you say, may at all times be relied on without the least scruple. Abhor slander, for the venom of its poisonous breath is incurable, and of all things the most ungrateful. Detest vice,

and learn from the servants of it to practice virtue, and shun every appearance of evil. Never stoop to the mean spirit of retaliation. Whatever injustice you may have suffered, let a guilty conscience be its own tormentor to your adversary and let envy inflict its own punishment in the breast of its possessor—that will be sufficient. Be not overcome with evil; but overcome evil with good. Deal justly with all men, and in all things give thanks to God. Remember industry, which is strictly enjoined in the scriptures, is both for your health and happiness, and frugality will enable you to supply your own necessities & relieve the distresses of others. I intreat you to refrain from the use of spirituous liquors, not even to taste of it, excepting it is thought essential in sickness. Read the the celebrated Dr. Rush's treatise on ardent spirits; that will show you how serious consequences have frequently resulted from the most trifling use of it.

Finally, be sober, meek, modest and upright. Practice charity, humanity, temperance, industry and frugality, which characteristics are immediately requisite to constitute the character of a lady or gentleman. Consider to whom you are indebted for every rational enjoyment, every faculty you possess, happifying to yourselves, or satisfacto

ry to others. Whatever may be your afflictions in life, remember our Saviour suffered more, and however mysterious may the dealings of providence towards you appear, council not with the majesty of heaven. I cannot better express the sentiments to which I have endeavoured to submit my feelings during my scene of afflictions, than by recording an acrostic, written in reply to some observations made by the gentleman on whose name I wrote it.

Did man but know the end for which he's made,
And trace infinity in all his ways;
No more subservient to the mystic rod,
In what respect would Deity be God?
Even the name would have become absurd,
Lord of the universe an empty word!
We, his creatures, by his bounty fed,
In life our hope, eternal life when dead.
No means devise, wherewith content to be,
Should not presume to dictate Deity,
Or ask his reason rendered unto us;
Reflecting that we are but breathing dust.

Thus submitting all things to Deity, let your spirits be tranquil, and your tempers unruffled. Avoid giving way to passion, on any occasion whatever, for that is beneath

the dignity of a noble mind. If you ever become acquainted with those from whom I have suffered great injustice, or those instrumental in your father's death, seek not to take revenge on them, for it is written, "vengeance is mine, and I will repay it saith the Lord."

Finally, commit to memory the 12th chapter of Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, and let that be your guide. Likewise observe what Isaiah says (58th chapter) respecting the fast the Lord hath chosen, and such a fast choose you. Let not your glorying be vain, pride not in show, or parade, or personal appearance, or endowments of nature, for who hath made you to differ from another? Observe what is written, Jeremiah ix. 23 and 24. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, neither let the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight saith the Lord."

If my life should be spared, I may perhaps write more particularly to you, on many points, than opportunity will at present admit of. But lest I write not again,

Once more, my dear children, I would you remind,
Of the duty incumbent on you,
As the offspring of her who through many a clime,
Has relief from humanity drew.

O think on a parent, while on you those wait,
Who afflictive adversity know;
Yet smile as they meet the keen arrows of fate,
Though their bosoms are wearied with wo,

Perchance they may friendless and destitute roam,
And though silently cherish their wo;
Just read in their aspects what there may be known,
Their aspect, their hist'ry will show.

How expressive the tear, the manly blush, chides,
While in meekness they suffer each wrong;
While thus heaves their bosom with eloquent sighs,
How divine! how pathetic their song!

"Not the dulcet ton'd word or plaint of despair,"
Can express the deep anguish of souls;
'Tis better display'd in their eloquent air,
Still more striking than knells when they toll.

What better credentials their merit can prove,
Than experience discovers anon;
Their grief throbbng bosom, what heart would not move,
E'en when pensively passing along.

Though mild is their aspect, tho' placid their smile,
Still the slow killing poison remains;
No charms can they find which their sorrows beguile,
Yet they patiently suffer their pain.

Time was, perhaps, when more prosp'rous than you,
They view'd many a summer Sun rise;
And lightly trod rushes still glit'ring with dew,
Less effulgent than sparkled their eyes.

And perhaps this reflection much comfort affords,
When reviews of those seasons arise,
That when once in plenty, rich feasts crown'd their boards,
Still they cherish'd compassionate smiles.

But now by the hand of adversity press'd,
Their wo wither'd bosom reclines;
On evening damp heath, or in hovels to rest,
Though illumin'd and brilliant their minds.

And many in youth wear a grief-furrow'd cheek,
Down the channel of which their tears flow;
Yet smiling demurely, they courteously greet
Those, who tauntingly jeer at their wo.

But never, my children, O never, forget
To feel the quick throbs of their heart;
What others are squand'ring with revelling wits,
O may you on sufferers impart.

'Tis godlike divine, 'tis Heaven's will done,
To give a poor sufferer sweet rest;
To scatter drear clouds from prosperity's sun,
And contentment to plant in the breast.

But above all things, my dear children, I wish you seriously to consider that you are mortal. That we are born to die, is a solemn truth, verified by every surrounding

object, and clearly illustrated on every page in the volume of nature. When in gay assemblies you meet your juvenile companions, whose countenances glow with expressions of hilarity, and whose spirits are animated with all the jocundity of rural simplicity and exhilirating freedom, the meditative mind cannot but reflect, that a little time, and they will no more be seen where the merry dance gives new animation to youth and vigour. They are subjects of death, and before you are again assembled, probably some who are present may be consigned to the silent recesses of the tomb, where a few tears shed by friends, a few melancholy reflections from acquaintances will close the funeral obsequies, and the hearts which grieved for them will soon be restored to their wonted tranquility, and they be remembered no more by their fellow mortals. But this is not their immortal end:—God forgets not to summon them before his awful tribunal to receive the rewards, which justice demands for their labours in this life, whether good or evil be their report.

When your ears are animated by enlivening strains of music, reflect, my dear children, that the lyres of minstrels must be hung as it were on the willows and the

hand which now awakens their tender echoes must be mouldered into dust. And when you amuse yourselves with the perusal of favourite volumes, can you fail to reflect that they are frequently the labours of those long since consigned to mingle with their native clay.

When you survey the face of nature, and behold creational productions in all their variegated beauties, O reflect, that as the chilling frost of an evening, blast the brilliancy and scatter the leaves of the fairest flowers, so may an unexpected summons from a heavenly messenger sweep you into the valley of death without leaving you one moment for sober reflection on the important change.

Mortality is certain, and it is an awful thing to die without first being reconciled to that character of infinite perfection who spoke them into existence—supported them in life, and will finally call them to an account for the manner in which they have used the blessings conferred on them by his munificent hand. You already know what he has declared shall be the sentence of those who have lived in non-conformity to his requirements. Of what importance is it then, that we should comply with the injunction of our blessed Redeemer, and seek

our acceptance with God while in youth; knowing not how soon we may be released from this clayey tenement, and landed on the shores of immortal glory, or never-ending torment.

Do then be entreated by a parent, to refrain from those trifling vanities and sensual gratifications of juvenile amusements, and choose for your portion, that God whose smiles constitute the bliss of Heaven—sweeten our afflictions in life, and at last receive us to reign with him in glory where the consummate happiness of a glorious Eternity is the ultimate reward of the faithful labourers in the vineyard of Christ.

But on the other hand—where shall rebellious subjects fly to screen themselves from impending wrath, in that dread hour when a holy and injured sovereign comes to take vengeance on his foes, whose frowns give colour to all the horrours of vivid imagination too dreadful to be conceived, and still more dreadful when experienced. How exquisite must be the anguish of souls put far away into darkness! How awful must be the separation from filial friends in extatic bliss, shining resplendant in the image of their Redeemer.—Then, O my children, be wise for yourselves! Oh be wise ere wisdom becomes your torment! Re-

ceive to your embraces this God of love, whose darling attribute is mercy, which attribute he delights in executing on his creatures, in righteousness and judgment. He delights not in the death of the wicked, but would that all should come to him and have eternal life. He is the adorable majesty of Heaven with whom none can council! the righteous judge of all the earth—not to be confronted in his designs—the source of all perfection— the fountain of all light—the beginning and end of all bliss—the donor of every good gift in time and eternity—the omnicient, omnipresent and omnipotent God; to whom all things are present, and before whom we cannot dissemble. His allseeing eye pierces through the darkest recesses of time, comprehending in a moment the deepest seclusion of thought; and rewards according to the deeds done in the body. He requires no impossibilities of his creatures, but requires their hearts.—Come then while the day lasts, lest obscure darkness should soon seal your eternal doom.

May peace attend your walk through all the cares, strifes, and dark vicissitudes that intercept this life; and when death's summons comes to bear your souls away, may you close your eyes in peace, rejoicing on your way.

May the heavenly host attend to wing your spirits home
To realms of bliss divine, for pain and sorrow's done.

SUPERSCRIPTION.—an Acrostic.

Farewell my children dear, a fond adieu!
Remember what a parent says to you;
O let instructions in your mem'ry live,
Maternal fondness has induced to give.
Pleasing hopes exist, that yet we may
Hail sweetly one memorial day;
E'er rolls away so many seasons more,
Bequeath, O God! one meeting to us more,
E'er we are call'd to leave those mortal shores.
Learn meekness, patience, love and charity,
Use every blessing as but lent to thee;
Consider well from whence your blessings flow,
E'en God the giver, mostly strive to know;
Tho' should I never more your faces see,
Or hear with joy your voice of sympathy;
As I ascend, may blessings rest on you,
And you the path of virtue still pursue;
'Round your heads may guardian angels move,
O'er all your actions watch with care and love;

No more, dear youth, your childish themes pursue,
But let substantial joy your hearts renew,
Excess of passion carefully avoid,
And each pursuit that might your peace annoy.
Contented strive in every place to be,
Honor practice, for your policy ;
Let not a scene of base deception, cast
Unnoticed, as a snare for you, be pass'd ;
Consider mental grace the most refines ;
Excessive meanness oft with beauty joins ;
And some may wit prefer, to sense sublime.
Not wit for me, with modest worth compares ;
Dear children, strive to make this treasure yours :
O let, dear children, this your study be,
Let all your accents flow in harmony,
In candour, truth and true simplicity ;
Venial wit adorn with modesty.
In charity impart what you can spare :—
Ah happy souls ! if such your studies are,
Learn in youth, the unpolluted way,
Unfathomed bliss in undiminished day ;
Celestial joys wait for you and I,
Excepting we refuse and choose to die.

POETICAL PIECES,

WRITTEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES AND PLACES.

On SOLITUDE—1814.

Sweet themes of delight, from solitude spring,
To the mind that improvement receives ;
The time through the day we can pass with delight,
And feel the same joy at approach of the night,
Thy whispers and conflicts relieve.

Thou goddess serene, in thee is no strife,
All genius in thee is display'd ;
We converse with our God, our faults lay aside,
Gain strength of mind and relinquish our pride,
And better prepare for the grave.

When friends prove unkind, or trust they betray,
Thy charms are still dearer to me ;
Some others may try other methods to find,
To conquer and soothe their troubles of mind,
But I am resolved on thee.

The sage and philosopher chooses thy aid,
To instructions of much company.—
Their views are all clear, debates laid aside ;
Their bosoms now swell with a laudable pride,
The best and wisest to be.

It was in thy lap fair science first grew,
Now rais'd to so high a degree,
Who seeks thee in youth in secret delight,
Treasure instructions convey'd to their sight,
By forsaking a tumult for thee.

When time and old age their blossoms shall spread

O'er a head of experience and years,
Still they recount with joy the bless'd theme
Of solitude's charms, sweet and serene,
'Till death to relieve them appears.

NATURAL SYMPATHY.—1815.

My spirits low, my health declin'd,
I viewed myself almost confin'd,
Unable to again rejoin,
Those friends so late I'd left;
While musing from my window view'd,
Approaching nature's sable shroud,
Dispersing many a busy crowd,
But sighs could not suppress.

A blooming youth with looks serene,
A form genteel, and graceful mien,
Who pensive on his elbow lean'd,
Presented to my view:
His features manly, mild and brave,
Firm, sedate, and nobly grave;
Yet he his mind to trouble gave,
All evidently shew.

On him I gazed with deep regret,
By some misfortune or neglect,
It seem'd he fail'd of due respect,
To those who knew his case;
Still, in my mind, I felt that care,
A wish in other's woes to share;
And soothe the heart fraught with despair,
Nor fear at all disgrace.

Oh might I know what conflicts rise,
Or why his bosom heaves those sighs;
My wish alone should not suffice,

If in my native place;—
How gladly would I from his mind
Chase every grief of every kind,
Bestow that happiness refin'd,
Which sorrows now erase.

He thoughtless, little does surmise,
That while I view with sad surprise,
His pensive look and down-cast eyes,
I gladly would befriend;
Too well I know he has a heart—
Pleas'd to soothe and aid impart,
And honour's cause would not desert,
But readily defend.

My troubles half forsook my mind,
While mingling sorrows, his with mine,
A sort of satisfaction joined,
E'en in a case of grief;
In hopes that in some future day,
There might present some better way,
That I his sorrows might allay,
And grant him some relief.

Nor was the period long delay'd,
E'er kind heaven a way display'd,
Whereby injustice might be stay'd,
And truth be brought to light;
The youth of heinous crimes accus'd,
Was found an innocent, abus'd,
And none to justify, refus'd
The youth of virtue bright.

O may I ever ready be
To exercise true charity,
And do as wish would do by me,
Another in that case;

May kind heaven e'er bless with means,
That I the innocent may screen,
'Till other prospects intervene,
To save them from disgrace.

—

LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.—1815.

In vain we range for mental joys,
Delusive scenes and glitt'ring toys,
Contentment cannot bring;
Some more substantial joys than those
Must to the mind confer repose,
And temper nature's spring.

Though sublunary objects, show
The sad vicissitudes below,
Eternal wisdom rules;
To each some powers of mind he gave,
With faculties not to enslave,
But serves as nature's school.

But man, the rights of man destroys,
And every faculty employs,
For self prosperity;
Could man to man, a brother prove,
And love our Saviour's golden rule,
How happy might we be.

—

ACROSTIC ON HOPE.—1816.

Bereav'd the child that sighs for thy relief,
Lead down, sweet goddess, change for joys my moan,
In every hour I am of thee bereav'd,
Some secret whisper tells thee ever gone,
Since I must think that truly is the case;
Farewell, delight, my better days have known,
Unrivalled griefs through ev'ry clime me chase;
Lo wretched there, a stranger here I mourn,

How sweet, clandestine Hope, thy charms:
O come and take possession of my breast;
Peace gently bid my passion's dire alarms;
Expel those gloomy scenes for promis'd rest.

—

FRIENDSHIP.—1816.

Friendship! thou charmer of the mind,
Thou soother of my woes;
I bring an off'ring to thy shrine,
To thee I pay my vows.

Thy sacred theme for ever dear,
The sweetest joy imparts;
Suppresses oft the falling tear,
And convolutes the hearts.

O let my heart thy power confess,
And own thy sacred theme;
With every joy on earth is bless'd,
That glows with vital flame.

In every place where e'er I go,
Attended with thy smiles;
Contentment, thou can best bestow,
And pensive hours beguile.

And time cannot divide the souls,
United by thy bands;
Although the deep between them rolls,
Or earth immense expands.

When at a distance I am plac'd,
From objects dear to me;
Their mem'ry I will still embrace,
And true to friendship be.

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THE REJECTED STRANGER.—1816.

For health, along New-Jersey plains,
A lonely female stray'd;
Who sought to find a home in vain,
But was not welcome made.

Thro' many a trying scene she pass'd,
'Till smiles no more she found;
Our weary traveller at last,
For rest embrac'd the ground.

Ah pleasing theme of joy, she cry'd,
In accents sweet and mild;
Thus, my Saviour took his birth,
And thus receives his child.

What other shelter would I find?
What more could I request?
E'er I enjoy a theme divine?
Repos'd on Jesus' breast.

Here, are my head sweet Halcyon,
Extends her gilded wings;
In smiles of love displays her charms,
And joy from Zion brings.

Those who have turn'd me from their doors,
Know not the bliss I taste;
While they their tedious gloomy hours,
In melancholy waste.

Though thus expos'd to blasts of night,
Yet strong in faith I be;
As God did for the Israelites,
He will provide for me.